Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kild him he is banished.
Iuliet. O God, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer dragon keepe so faire a Caue?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doue-featherd Rauen, woluish-rauening lambe,
Despised substance of diuinest show:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimme saint, an honourable villaine:
O Nature, what hadst thou to doe in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*,
Iu. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you speake well of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to your natiue spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which

VVhich you mistaking offe
My husband liues that *Tibal*
And *Tibalts* dead that would
All this is comfort, wherefo
Some words there was wors
That murdred me, I would
But oh it presses to my mem
Like damned guilty deedes t
Tibalt is dead and *Romeo* ba
That banished, that one wo
Hath slaine ten thousand *Ti*
VVas woe inough if it had
Or if sower woe delights in
And needly will be wrankt
VVhy followed not when s
Thy father or thy mother, n
VVhich moderne lamentat
But with a reareward follow
Romeo is banished to speake
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Rom*
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is b
There is no end, no limit, m
In that words death, no wor
VVhere is my father and m
Nur. VVeeping and wai
VVill you go to them: I will
Iu. VVash they his woun
VVhen theirs are drie, for *R*
Take vp those cordes, poore
Both you and I for *Romeo* is
He made you for a high-way
But I a maide, die maiden wi
Come cord, come Nurse, Ile
And death not *Romeo*, take m
Nur. Hie to your chamber,
To comfort you, I wot well

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